

# SPiritUAL

# TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 135.

## The Principles of Nature.

### INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

Our readers will remember that we, some three months since, published an interesting communication from Mr. EBENEZER ALLEN, of Galveston, Texas, together with several beautiful poems communicated from Spirits through Miss Ada Bruno, of that city. Two additional letters from the same intelligent source are herewith submitted to our readers.

Our correspondent refers to the fact that some of Ada's pieces are not original. We discovered some time since that one of the poems which accompanied Mr. Allen's first letter was not composed at the time it was impressed on the mind, and written by the hand of Ada. Spirits unfrequently rehearse their own earthly productions, or repeat what others have expressed before them; and sometimes this is unaccompanied by any intimations respecting the real authorship of what is said or written. In giving publicity to such communications, therefore, we by no means vouch for their originality.

We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Allen more frequently.—En.

GALVESTON (TEXAS), Sept. 23d, 1854.

DEAR SIR:

While ascending the Mississippi River about the 20th of July last, I addressed you a communication containing some account of the development of a *poetic medium* in this city by the name of Ada or Ada Bruno, together with several poetic compositions which she had then written, among which were "The Anthem of the Sea," "Spirit Companions," etc., etc. Since that time she has written some two hundred pieces, some in prose, but mostly in poetry, and her writings, if printed, would fill a volume of four hundred pages. It has since been discovered that some (how many we know not) of her productions are *selections from different authors*, and not original. Circumstances, however, clearly show to any unprejudiced person that she was wholly unaware of this. Her hand alone writes, while her mind remains passive, except as a *plate* on which the piece is impressed. Often the names of the authors or their initials are subscribed to the pieces. Several purport to be the productions of Greville, Mellen, one Mary B. Crawford, one (a beautiful hymn) is subscribed Ethelred, and on Saturday evening last she was thrown into a trance, and delivered a lecture or sermon on "the Love of God," and the next morning wrote it off entire; and to it the name of — Dewey (I forget the Christian name) was signed. Some of her pieces are in Latin (of which language she knows nothing), some in German, some in French (of which she knows a little), and others in a language we know nothing about. I send you a specimen or two. Among her recent pieces is a beautiful translation of "Lenora," from the German, differing from the translation of Scott (found in his poetic works), and signed by a name I do not recollect. Several of her shorter pieces have been published in the newspapers of this city, some of which proving plagiarisms, have served to throw much discredit upon her pretensions in this community.

I regret to find that this interesting and gifted *medium*, in common with but too many others, is singularly wayward and capricious in her disposition, and is under influences which, I fear, unless obviated by some superior interposition, will poison the fountain from which the pure waters of poetic inspiration and *wisdom reflected from on high* had begun to flow. I know not the impressions you may have received from my former letter, as I have seen no notice of it in any number of the *TELEGRAPH* I have received. Perhaps you discovered that the pieces, or some of them, were not original. At all events I consider the foregoing explanation due to you.

As it may not be uninteresting to you, I will give a brief history of the progress of Spiritualism in Galveston. We have not been favored with the visit of any *professed medium* from abroad, but have had to depend entirely upon domestic developments and the guidance of our own suggestions, aided by the various publications relating to the subject. Consequently, there has been but little system in our efforts, and no regular formation or meeting of circles.

The first manifestation of which I know any thing, occurred in the room where I now write, in Nov., 1852, and purported to come from a deceased daughter. Not one sitting around the table at the time had ever been present at any previous manifestation. All were conversing, with their hands resting on the table, and social mirth and pleasantry prevailed—no one anticipating any thing extraordinary. After more than half an hour, the table commenced moving, and the surprise and strong excitement that took possession of the company could not for a time be suppressed. As soon as calmness was restored, a series of affectionate inquiries were put by the mother and brothers of the departed, and answered in a most apt and satisfactory manner through the alphabet. She spelt her name in full, declared that she was really present, declared her undying love for her parents, and as a message to them spelled out—"Believe in God." Since that time he has made many communications, all characterized by earnest love and pure devotion.

During the ensuing winter, spring, summer, and autumn, meetings were frequently but irregularly held by those feeling an interest in the subject, and generally with favorable results.

Two writing mediums were developed, one a lady, who, though

she could not be persuaded to persevere in the exercise or cultivation of her high gifts, manifested extraordinary power and aptitude, and is gratefully remembered for the many sweet and affectionate communications transmitted through her to the bereaved in this sphere from their departed relatives and friends; the other, a gentleman, a native of New York, who died of the yellow-fever in this city about twelve months ago. He was distinctly admonished of his approaching end some two weeks before the event by the Spirit of a departed niece, while sitting with me alone one evening, though at the time we could not tell to which of us the warning was addressed. Since his exit he has often visited our circles; and on the first occasion, while sitting in the same room, after announcing his presence by a succession of very loud raps in answer to a request from us for him to come, he thus addressed us (having often sat with us while in the form) through the alphabet.

"My God, you all look as natural as you ever did. All I formerly believed I found true, and far superior to my conceptions. But I can not tell what I would—too tedious."

His wife being present he said in the same mode:

"My dear wife, I am with you, and truly glad to see you where we have so often met before."

His kind offices were again exercised in our behalf on a later occasion, but I may as well state the circumstance in this connection.

While Mrs. — (whose card I see in the *TELEGRAPH* of the 9th inst.) was sojourning in our city—say about the first of May last—she was called upon to exercise her clairvoyant powers in behalf of a sick lady. She accordingly, as is her custom, threw herself, by the magnet, into the superior state, and from where she sat, proceeded *mentally* to the room of the patient. After examining her condition and prescribing the suitable remedies, which she always does with great accuracy and success, she remarked that she had met upon the sidewalk, while returning from the sick room, the spirit of O. B., a vagrant formerly well known in Galveston, then recently deceased, who told her that he would come to our circle that night and do mischief or create confusion. Accordingly, no sooner had the circle organized than O. B. announced himself, and declared his intention to make disturbance, giving us to understand, that as soon as the lights were extinguished (for we had to sit in darkness in order to get the higher and more wonderful order of physical manifestations) he would break or injure the furniture, and harm the persons of those present. This greatly terrified the ladies and especially Mrs. —, whose temperament is highly nervous, delicate, and excitable. At length, Mrs. —, addressing her deceased husband, said, "H—, can't you prevent O. B. from disturbing the circle? pray do, if possible." He replied, "I will try to keep him sober."

Thereupon the lights were extinguished, and the phenomena, which we had on several occasions witnessed before, occurred, without the least injury to the person or property of any one. There were about twenty persons present, sitting in a semi-circle around the room. The piano commenced playing, and continued for about half an hour—no one touching it. The lighter articles—parasols, books, papers, pens, a porcelain sand-box, glass wafer-box, cards, a large pile of sheet music, etc., etc.—were borne through and suspended in the air in every direction, brought from an adjoining room, placed or thrown, into the laps or at the persons of the different individuals; a walking-stick was violently torn from a gentleman's hand; several present were touched, grasped, or pressed with more or less force; in the mean time, communications were made through the piano, the keys being used instead of raps. Nothing, however, was broken or injured, even the articles of glass, thrown as they were across the room upon the floor, remained unbroken. These phenomena, and similar, were often witnessed, while Mrs. — was in this city; and should you deem it a matter of sufficient interest, I will refer you to her for these and many other manifestations, to which she can bear testimony.

Two brief communications written by the hand of the deceased medium referred to, I will here give, together with the circumstances attending them.

In the month of July, 1843, a gentleman of this vicinity, who had become blind, having lost a pistol, one of Colt's revolvers, wished to find it through the Spirits. He accordingly asked at a circle (the said medium being present) if the Spirits could tell him what had become of his pistol? It was immediately written in reply by the hand of the medium, as follows, viz.:

"I know nothing of the implement of death; and of what possible use could it be to you to have such an instrument of sin, death, and destruction." (Signed) "PETER THE HERMIT."

I was standing at the time near the table, and thinking the name fictitious, or rather, assumed; I remarked aloud, "That is probably a *nom de guerre*." Several persons present asked for communications, but none being given, I said: "Let the Spirit say whom it wishes to communicate with," and instantly the hand of the medium wrote as follows:

"To — (myself)—You seem to doubt my identity. A correct historian like you should have known Peter the Hermit was no *nom de*

*guerre*. You may be assured that it was none other than Peter who replied to the question put respecting the new arm of war—on wholly unknown during my sojourn on earth. Believe me when I tell you that I am what I represent myself to be.—PETER THE HERMIT."

The following is the eighty-third piece written by Ada. It was written on the 17th ultimo, and the day afterward she wrote the subjoined poetic translation. You will perceive that it does not purport to be original from the *note* which accompanied the piece, "Zod," etc. I have not been able to decipher this note, or to find the piece in any Latin works to which I have access. You may be more successful. I copy from Ada's manuscript, even to the punctuation and italicizing. There was a word after "apud," but so blotted that I could not make it out.

Non vinum ut vinum appetitur, sed *tal* bonumque  
Sic et vita, ut *vit* est nil, nist *bons*; quod si  
Est misera, ut *vinum* corruptum desipiat.  
Esse quidem, per se, nec *amandum* nec *fugiendum* est.  
Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima *recula*, vermis,  
Musca, lipis, cortex; nihil est optabile ademptum.  
Conditione *boni*; nisi sit *tal*, esse bonumque,  
Non video cur optari, cur positi<sup>am</sup>ari.  
*Zod.* *vit.* *lib.* *6.* *apud.* —

### TRANSLATION.

Not wine as wine men choose, but as it came  
From such or such a vintage; 'tis the same  
With life, which simply *must* be understood.  
As blank negation, if it be not good.  
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline  
And loathe the sour *fee* of corrupted wine—  
'Tis so to be condemned. Merely to be  
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,  
Seeing that every lightest little thing  
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,  
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone  
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless to be  
And to be *blest* we are, I do not see  
In bare existence, as existence, nught  
That's worthy to be loved or to be sought.

The following was written the same day, Aug. 17. I have copied the *original* as well as I could, not understanding the language in which it is written; and the medium herself being unable to throw any light upon it further than is *mysteriously* suggested to her by *impression*.

Kiosken ar tis slogan,  
Ran eld och crand,  
Och flendens hand,  
Bevard, O God! den stad ocht land,  
Kiosken ar tis slang gan.

The clock has sounded ten.

From fire, from brand,

From hostile hand,

Save, O God! this town and land.

The clock has sounded ten.

The following is a small extract from the end of a *poem*, or what seems one, written in an unknown dialect, alike incomprehensible to the medium, myself, and all others who have examined it. None can make any thing of it, and no translation has as yet been given to the medium, although I am told she has often asked for one. Copying from a blindly written manuscript, and guided by *imitation* mostly, it would be singular if the *copy* shows what the *original* intends to be. It may suggest something new, useful, or agreeable to somebody curious enough to examine it and learned enough to understand it. Accept it *de bene esse*.

Mahquis Kiorkansidus y slars sic  
O! chos an tie stod ochies mienne  
Reprenez as salvidantaer morator mama  
Salutus deero lispude mundasti  
Svabum dree slotus meni acrodi  
Lispiaole mom noto Heeto dromer  
Salan brendi novumni sic dresder  
Levitus ditk bookus lamsi sic vi quan  
Cacrona slagniti instrodoten mama.  
Fritz Belaitinga.

I close with the following hymn, which purports to be original, no name being subscribed. It was written on the 12th of August, and, *original* or *selected*, is certainly an exquisite and noble production.

### LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Let there be light! The Eternal spoke,  
And from the abyss where darkness rode,  
The earliest dawn of nature broke,  
And light around creation flowed.  
The glad earth smiled to see the day.  
The first-born day came blushing in;  
The young day smiled to shed its ray  
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,  
The God who first the day-beam pored,  
Whispered again his fat forth,  
And shed the gospel's light abroad;  
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays  
On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise  
In lovely cot and lordly bale.

Then come, when in the orient first  
Flushes the signal-light for prayer;

Come with the earliest beams that burst  
From God's bright throne of glory there;  
Come! kneel to him, who through the night  
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul—  
To him whose mercies, like the light,  
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

During the last three months the manifestations have increased in interest. Communications are often written by unseen hands—paper and a pencil being placed upon or under the table, or with chalk on the table around which the circle is sitting. Beautiful tunes are played on the guitar placed under the table. Ear-rings, finger-rings, breast-pins, and bracelets are taken from the persons of the ladies, mixed together in a confused mass, and then each restored to its place upon, or placed in the hand of the owner. Articles of dress, silver plate, etc., are brought from wardrobes and closets in distant parts of the house—taken from locked drawers and through locked doors (the keys being in the locks); and placed upon the table. On one occasion a copper grape-shot was taken from a trunk in an upper room, brought down stairs, and rolled over the table, and a ball of prepared chalk was brought from a distant house, and a rose pulled from its stem in the front yard and placed in the hands of a young man sitting in the circle. Hands purporting to be of departed brothers, fathers, sisters, and other relatives, take hold of ours—press them, and press each finger separately—and their lips are pressed to our own as distinctly as fondly, and their breath is felt upon our faces as warmly as if they were in the form.

Like Nicodemus, we may ask in surprise, "How can these things be?" Is the spiritual body obvious to our touch—can its breath, fan our cheeks, or close the Spirit's mold to its use grosser elements for the occasion? I can not answer. I only know that I have felt and witnessed the things I have related, and should be most happy if some of the eminent and enlightened Spiritualists of your city were present to do the like.

Yours truly, EBENEZER ALLEN.

Nora.—In one instance, viz., of the silver spoons, the key was not in the lock. The drawer in which they were kept was an armor standing in a chamber, and the key (the drawer being locked) was taken out and deposited in another part of the house for safety. The circle was sitting in a lower room; and, among other demonstrations, the mysterious power or agency claiming to be *Sparks* of the departed, but which the *spirit* was once *call* electrically, *otio*, *force*, *delusion*, etc., without any human aid or interpretation, found the key, opened the doors of the armor, unlocked the drawer, took out the spoons (wrapped in blotting-paper and tied with a string), conveyed them out of the room, through a passage, down stairs, through another passage into the room, and placed them upon the table in the midst of the circle. They also took a long ornamental band used as a head-dress by a young lady at the table, from her trunk in the same chamber, and bringing it into the circle placed it upon her head, winding it twice around, and fastening it with a pin, as gracefully and properly as she could have done it herself. This and much more occurred on the 24th inst., 10 P.M.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 26, 1854.

S. B. BRITTON:

Dear Sir—As the last mail steamboat for New Orleans was suffered to depart without my letter of the 23d inst., I have concluded to extend my communication to some other facts connected with the same subject-matter. To you, promptly apprised of the most striking manifestations as they occur throughout the wide area of spiritual research, our local phenomena, as presented by me, may appear comparatively tame and devoid of interest. Be it so. You are sole judge of the merits and defects of the information I thus transmit, and unless upon inspection it shall be found to square in point of *novelty* as well as *truth*, with other specimens of work admitted by the master to be used in building up the walls of the temple, let it be cast aside as rubbish.

Mrs. —, who is now in the city of New York, came to this place early in January last, and remained until about the middle of May. As a clairvoyant, she possesses remarkable powers. Her first specialty is doubtless for maladies, and her prescriptions have, in many cases, some of which had been long-standing diseases, defying for years the efforts and skill of deeply learned and highly respected physicians, proved signally efficacious. This can be established by the clearest evidence, without going beyond the limits of our city. Instances of her finding *things lost*, and persons not heard from for years, are many, and susceptible of easy proof.

She could, at any time, *voluntarily* bring on clairvoyance by holding in her hands the magnet, and not unfrequently she was thrown *involuntarily* and *suddenly* into this state, startling those near her at the time. On such occasions the condition seemed to be induced by supermundane intelligences, who then spoke through her as a medium. Once I heard her address accompany assembled in a drawing-room in the character of Gen. B., who died some four years ago, and of whom she knew nothing. She, or rather *he*, spoke about forty minutes, referring to and relating a chain of incidents and transactions beginning twenty years before, and coming down to the time of his dissolution; and in manner, gestures, figures of speech, and peculiarities of style, expression, etc., so clearly copying his former self, that his friends present at once recognized and saluted him. The subject of his address was "*Internal improvements in Texas*," and the address itself, in point of strong practical sense, sound positions, and brilliant oratory, would have done honor to the best and brightest of our statesmen.

In the *Theological* stage, phenomena are explained by referring them to the arbitrary wills and caprices of *Supreme Powers*, who, placed immediately over the *World*, directly produce and superintend all that comes to pass. *Nature* is regarded only as the *theater* wherein these Powers display their variable wills; and man, finding their correspondence in the analogies of his own nature, ascribes to them all the human passions, caprices, and desires; and he elaborates immense Orders and Hierarchies of Gods and Goddesses, having each their special function. This is the era of credulity, imagination, wonder, and supernaturalism. And it arrives at its highest

before, that, in this condition, she is often subject to striking emblematic visions, portraying future events. Soon she became deeply agitated, overpowered with grief and insufferable distress. Tears flowed down her face, and in tones of horror and anguish she uttered abrupt, and incoherent expressions, such as: "Cā nothing save them?" "must they all perish?"

"I see them lying upon the ground—all dead—the whole city!" On being urgently questioned, she said that she saw all the people of the place lying dead, the ground covered with their bodies in every attitude of suffering and distress. She saw all her own friends lying lifeless among them. Again she exclaimed, "Is there no help?" "Must they perish?" After another brief interval of weeping, she exclaimed in sudden joy, "No! they are saved!" "A LITTLE MAN comes to their rescue!" "Goliath is slain!" "The enemy is defeated!" "They are saved!" etc. Soon after she said that it was a vision she saw, but that it had passed away; that the vision was emblematical of some dreadful calamity which threatened our city, whether fire, sword, pestilence, or flood she could not tell; but it seemed that the evil would be averted—that "even while we slept some frightful danger was brooding over us!"

perfection when it substitutes the action of a single Omnipotent Being or God for the varied operations of the numerous divinities which had been before imagined.

In the Metaphysical stage, the mind supposes instead of supernatural agents, abstract forces, veritable entities, inherent in each and all things, and capable of producing all phenomena. In this stage the mind (youthful, vigorous, and just verging on manhood) subtilizes phenomena, and attempts to grasp the essential properties; the real essence or the substrata of things. This is the era of scholastic subtleties, polemic wit, and metaphysical bewilderment; and it attains its maximum when one great Entity, Nature, is substituted as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multifarious entities at first supposed.

In the Positive stage, the mind has given over the fanciful conception of superior powers immediately producing and directing affairs, and the idle search after abstract entities, and betakes itself to the study of the laws and principles by and under which phenomena are invariably produced and regulated. These laws and principles being constant and immutable when once ascertained, impart to us a power, calculation, and foresight unattainable in any other way. Inasmuch as these laws and principles, in their totality denominated the *Laws of Nature*, embrace all the phenomena in the Heavens and on the Earths, they are regarded as the sum-total of human investigations. This is the scientific era—the era of facts and their scientific exposition and classification.

The growth and development of the Individual Mind is not only an illustration, but a proof of the course of development of the Collective Mind; for the Race is but the repetition of the Individual. The point of departure of the Individual and of the Race being the same, all the different phases and states of development of the former correspond to all the various epochs of the mind of the latter. Childhood, for instance, is proverbially the season of credulous and imaginative supernaturalism, wherein the wildest and most fantastic explanations of the agency of Superior Powers in the production of phenomena are accepted. This state corresponds to the theological age of the World. Youth and early manhood is proverbially the season of metaphysical abstractions, scholastic wit, and polemic subtleties; and this state corresponds to the Metaphysical or Abstract age of the World; while Manhood is the season of mature reflection upon, careful inquiry into, and knowledge of, the laws that regulate the succession of phenomena, and this stage corresponds to the Positive or Scientific age of the World. Each of us is aware, if he looks back upon his past history, that he was a theologian in his childhood, a metaphysician in his youth, and a natural philosopher in his manhood.

This law of Mental Evolution, it is obvious, divides Philosophy into three grades or classes, for all Philosophy takes its character and color from the states of development of the mind—the mind after all determining the quality of the philosophy. These three classes are the Theologic or Supernaturalistic Philosophy, the Metaphysical or Abstract Philosophy, and the Positive or Scientific Philosophy. We have neither time, nor space, nor inclination to remark at length on either the Theologic or Metaphysic, but to illustrate the office and nature of the Positive Philosophy let me extract one or two of our author's paragraphs.

"As we have seen, the first characteristic of the Positive Philosophy is, that it regards all phenomena as subject to invariable Laws, with a view of reducing them to the smallest possible number. By speculating upon causes, we could solve no difficulty about origin and purpose. Our real business is to analyze accurately the circumstances of phenomena, and to connect them by the natural relations of succession and resemblance. The best illustration of this is in the case of the doctrine of Gravitation. We say that the general phenomena of the Universe are explained by it, because it connects under one head, the whole immense variety of astronomical facts; exhibiting the constant tendency of atoms toward each other in direct proportion to their masses, and in inverse proportion to the squares of their distance; while the general fact itself is a mere extension of one which is perfectly familiar to us, and which we therefore say know—the weight of bodies on the surface of the earth. As to what weight and attraction are, we have nothing to do with that, for it is not a matter of knowledge at all. Theologians and Metaphysicians may imagine and refine about such questions; but Positive Philosophy rejects them. When any attempt has been made to explain them, it has ended only in saying, that attraction is universal weight and that weight is terrestrial attraction; i.e., that the two orders of phenomena are identical; which is the point whence the question started. Again, M. Fourier, in his fine series of researches on Heat, has given us all the most important and precise laws of the phenomena of heat, and many large and new truths, without once inquiring into its nature, as his predecessors had done, when they disputed about calorific matter, and the action of a universal ether. In treating his subject in the Positive method, he finds inexhaustible material for all his activity of research, without betaking himself to insoluble questions."

This will give the reader a clear idea of the purpose and aim of the Positive order of philosophizing.

As the development of Philosophy follows the development of the Human Mind, so all knowledge passes successively through these three grades. A certain individual or class of individuals, themselves occupying the Theological plane, and philosophizing in certain departments of knowledge and inquiry, will project in those departments a theological philosophy. Another class, occupying the Metaphysical plane, will project a corresponding abstract philosophy; while another class, occupying the Scientific plane, will project a Positive philosophy. Some philosophers or cultivators of knowledge, being in the Theological stage, others in the Metaphysical, and others in the Positive, many of the branches of human knowledge partake of each. Some have largely of the theological element, others are more characterized by the metaphysical, and others again by the Positive. Besides, as our author says, "the different kinds of knowledge pass through these stages of progress at different rates, and do not therefore arrive at the Positive grade at the same time. Some are in the Theological stage, others in the Metaphysical, and others in the Positive. The rate of advance depends upon the nature of the knowledge in question, so distinctly as to constitute this fact an accessory to the fundamental law of progress. Any kind of knowledge reaches the Positive stage early, in proportion to its generality, simplicity, and independence of other sciences. Astronomical science, which above all others is made up of facts that are general, simple, and independent of other sciences, arrived first; then terrestrial Physics; then Chemistry; then Physiology." The various sciences do not come forward through these grades in a strictly chronological order; some present a mixture of the three different elements; some are yet in the domain of Theology; others in that of Metaphysics; and others in the Positive. Sociology, or the science of man's true social conditions and relations, for instance, is in a mixed state, partaking largely of the three elements. There are some theological sociologists who still believe in the divine right of kings, the *ius sacra* of majorities, and various other forms of immortality. This is not contradictory; man is inconstant because he seeks; he seeks because he is immortal.

The butterfly is at once the symbol of inconstancy and immortality. This is not contradictory; man is inconstant because he seeks; he seeks because he is immortal.

Who can feel a beautiful and elevated sentiment may develop in their soul? It is the perfume in the flower, the flavor in the fruit, the light in the atmosphere.

Messiah, down to the daily litany of the Priesthood, who pray

for our senators and representatives in Congress assembled."

There are some metaphysical sociologists who deal in "social abstractions," and excogitate "Utopias," "Platonic Republics," "Cities of the Sun," "Lands of perpetual Peace," etc.; while there are Positive sociologists who endeavor to ascertain and apply the true laws of man's social nature to the harmonization of his life on earth. Again, Religion, which is the science of man's relation to, and conjunction with, God, through and by means of his observance of all the physical, passionate, moral, intellectual, and spiritual laws of his organization, is almost wholly in the theological state; while astronomy, chemistry, physiology, etc., are in the Positive degree. Thus, in these various conditions and degrees of development, do we find all the branches of our knowledge.

Now Comte undertakes to apply this Law of Mental Evolution to all the sciences, to test and analyze their present condition by it, and to show how each can be brought forward to higher degree of perfection, and placed upon an enduring basis. It is easy for the reader to see what a work there is among the sciences for an analysis and classification of this sort; and what an amplitude, and scope, and revolutionary operation the subject has. It not only shows the true state of development of each branch of human knowledge, and of those philosophers who cultivate it, but it also determines what books are purely theological, or have originated from the theological or supernaturalistic plane, what are metaphysical what mixed, and what positive and scientific. This work Comte has undertaken to perform in his body of "Positive Philosophy," and if he has not entirely succeeded, yet he has pointed out the true method and begun the work.

I have seen the following objection made to the book by the Tribune reviewer, and others, namely: "That it is materialistic, and that, depending in a great measure upon sensuous observation, it ignores the spiritual, or those facts and phenomena cognized by our spiritual sense. Although this objection is in part valid, yet it seems to me that it does not at all detract from the merits of Comte's discovery of a general law of Mind and of his application of it to the spheres of knowledge with which he was conversant. Suppose Comte's intellectual faculties were more developed than, and predominated over, his spiritual powers (as was the case with Bacon before him), and that this peculiar organization led him to apply this law of Mental Evolution, only in a materialistic way, leaving out of view the spiritual, yet there, I say, is just where the work must begin, and he was just the man for it. It belongs to the man of superadded or superior spiritual powers to carry the law into the spiritual realm, and apply it to spiritual phenomena and knowledge. As well might we find fault with Newton's "Principia," in that it did not carry the law of Gravitation into the spiritual kingdoms, and show that the same great law of Attraction was there the source of all the spiritual harmonies. The objection is puerile and short-sighted. Moreover, if by attention, since Comte's time, to certain remarkable phenomena claimed to proceed from the spiritual, the world has been led into a new era of inquiry, the more is the necessity, if Comte's law of mental progress is a fundamental one, of applying it in this new field. The man of competent qualifications, who would go to work and apply this law to the modern spiritual philosophy, and show how much of it belongs to the theological or supernaturalistic grade, how much to the metaphysical, and how much was positive, or the result of invariable spiritual laws, would perform an invaluable service to the world. To analyze and classify all these wonderful phenomena, and discover to us the laws and conditions under and by which communication with spirits invariably takes place, and make our knowledge respecting it positive; and also demonstrate what communications proceed from theologic spirits, what from metaphysical spirits, and what from scientific spirits, or the spirits on the three grades of development in the other life, would be an office of immense value to modern Spiritualism. Comte did not do so, merely because he was not a Spiritualist. I have thus given an outline of the Positive method of philosophizing as taught by our author. Every student ought to read the book. It will give him a taste for accurate and definite knowledge, chasten and facilitate his progress, get him rid of a vast amount of lumber, and render his research and knowledge efficient. Among certain classes the book will be unpopular. Those who are given to system-making and theorizing upon isolated facts, will decry it! It will be unpopular with those who are attached to old philosophies and creeds, that rest upon much conjecture and few facts; and finally, it will be denounced by the orthodox clergy and their adherents and abettors as Infidel and Heretical; inasmuch as it virtually advocates a scientific or positive Religion, and because they are themselves, as a general thing, still on the theological plane of development.

The volume I have read is Miss Martineau's translation, published by Calvin Blanchard, New York, and sold by Partridge & Britton.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 11th, 1854.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A REASON WANTED."—We desire to inform our friend "G." who writes us under the above caption, that we regard the subject-matter to which his article refers as unprofitable to talk about, and that many discriminating friends who are familiar with the facts, entertain a similar opinion. For this reason it is deemed advisable to withhold the article.

"D. P. K."—Your letter of the 9th ult. we have been unable to answer in any manner that would realize your wishes. When we had no "field of labor" we went in search of one, and when we found it not, we resolved, with the blessing of Heaven, to make one. What can we do for thee, brother?

A friend in Poughkeepsie, who assures us that he can not express how much he enjoys the reading of the *TELEGRAPH*, in a recent letter, incloses for publication a selected article, entitled "A Remarkable Manifestation," which has already appeared in our columns. We know Mr. —, to whom our correspondent refers, and agree with him in his estimate of the man.

R. H. Brown, Detroit.—We have often thought of such a book as you speak of in your letter of the 23d ult., and have no doubt but it will be demanded hereafter. We think its publication at present would be premature.

J. M. T., Waukegan.—Our columns are very much crowded at present, but it is our custom to publish those things which in our judgment are most valuable. Forward any thing that possesses an intrinsic interest, and it will likely appear.

G. Wurcous, Charleston, Mo.—Shall we send you the *Telegraph* Papers, postage unpaid? The amount, if paid at your office, will be \$1 60; if paid here, the postage will be but 80 cents.

### A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND.

Such is the beautiful title of the new spiritual poem uttered in 30 hours through the mediumship of THOMAS L. HARRIS, and just issued in an elegant volume of 250 pages, from the *TELEGRAPH* press. The readers of this paper are already somewhat familiar with its character from the extracts we have heretofore published from the proof-sheets. But no fragmentary extracts could, nor, indeed, can any thing short of the volume itself, carefully read, convey a just impression of the full scope and merits of this remarkable, and, in parts, sublime utterance. In attempting a brief notice we expect to do no more than outline the history of its composition or creation, glance at its spirit and purpose, and give some specimens of its subject-matter, hoping thereby to induce those who read what we have to say to possess themselves of this beautiful poem, and read it, if it may be so, with as much pleasure as it has given us. The "Lyric" is a poem, like the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," in irregular verse, but the irregularity is not inharmonious, as most irregularities in this world are. The "Lyric" is possessed of a tender and exquisite harmony throughout its varying and melodious measure and strain. Considerably longer than the "Epic," it was uttered in the same manner, only in a briefer space of time in proportion to its length. An "Appendix" note to the volume gives the external history of the "Lyric" as follows:

"On the 1st of January, 1854, at the hour of noon, the archetypal ideas were internally, inwrought by spiritual agency into the immost mind of the Medium, he at that time having passed into a spiritual or interior condition. From that time till the fourth of August, fed by continual influxes of celestial life, these archetypal ideas internally unfolded within his interior or spiritual self; until at length, having attained to their maturity, they descended into the externals of the mind, uttered themselves in speech, and were transcribed as spoken by the Medium, he, by spiritual agencies, being temporarily elevated to the spiritual degree of the mind for that purpose, and the external form being rendered quiet by a process which is analogous to physical death."

"The Poem was dictated at intervals during parts of about fourteen days, the actual time occupied in its delivery being about thirty hours."

"The 'History,' 'Preface,' 'Prelude,' and 'Finale' of the Poem, together with this appended note, in the same manner were uttered and transcribed."

It is due to Mr. Harris to add, that in his waking condition he had not the most remote knowledge or conception of any part of the Poem till it was unfolded to his utterance by superior powers. The incidental history of the delivery of the "Lyric" is the same, in almost every respect, as that narrated by the Editor of this paper in his essay introductory to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven." We shall not, therefore, repeat it. We are, of course, not aware what verdict materialistic critics will pass upon the "Lyric." Some have already spoken of it from a literary point of view, and pronounced it "beautiful" and "exquisite." Journals from whose editors nothing but ridicule of Spiritualism was to be expected, have been forced to admit that this volume presents extraordinary claims to consideration, and probably if they were on a plane to believe in the possibility of Spirit-authorship they would readily credit the "Lyric of the Morning Land" to such a source. They confess to the wondrous fertility of its thought and imagery, and the felicity of its expression—which, we venture to say, are not surpassed in any poem in existence. Spiritualists, who have no difficulty on the score of belief in the possibility of Spirit-authorship, through mortal mediums, will, we are satisfied, be deeply impressed by the internal evidence the "Lyric" bears of its claim to spiritual origin. Certainly those who are familiar with Brother Harris, and have been more or less witnesses of the manner in which these utterances have been given, can no more doubt their Spirit-origin than they can deny to themselves the possession of their own natural senses. For ourself, we need express no opinion of the comparative merits of the "Lyric" and the "Epic," for a comparison is scarcely called for. The topics treated in the two poems are essentially different; each calling for a peculiar expression. Both are full of melody, brilliancy, and sweetness. Love is the spirit ruling in both—and preeminently in the "Lyric." We may be mistaken—it may be a conceit or prejudice on our part—but we believe there are passages in the "Lyric" equal to the highest and best poetical utterances in our language. Of course, as much of the poem is descriptive, and the transition of measure is frequent, the brilliancy and sublimity are not equally sustained throughout; nor would the "Lyric" be improved, in a literary point of view even, if they were. As constructed and uttered, the poem is replete with variety—there is no monotony—no weariness over its pages. There is something to employ and reward all the faculties of the reader's mind and heart. Tender images and thoughts, pleasant scenes, rapturous flights, joyous apostrophes, sublime soarsings, prayers, trusts, and thanks.

The Poem is dedicated "To the Pure in Heart," and has for its motto, "In my Father's House are many mansions."

It is divided into three parts, "Pallas," "Hesperus," and "The Sun," each preceded by prefacing and preluding strains. The Preface and Prelude to the first part are preceded by a brief "History," in which we learn that—

"This Poem is a Love-child of the skies;

"Twas bred in Heaven with breath like bridal bloom;

"Sweet May dew-fed its lips; it oped its eyes

"Where Hesper's nuptial sphere with love perfumes

"The vault of ether, and, from Heaven down led,

"Seven months within a mortal's breast was fed."

And that

"It sprang to outward shape; unformed by art,

"Full-fledged it left its rest within the heart

"And sung melodious in external airs.

"As the same rose-tree many roses bear;

"As the same eye hath many smiles of light;

"And the same bosom many a sweet delight;

"And the same lute a manful refrain;

"And many drops one golden shower of rain;

"So the same Heaven from whence this child came down,

"Peopled by deathless ones of old renown;

"Hath many poems mightier and more grand

"Than this fair Infant from their Morning Land.

"In dream and trance, she bears the soul away

"To the wide landscapes of the inner day.

"Her cities are the stars, and all delights

"To lead mankind in vision through the deep,

"Where Angels their mild mysteries closely keep

"From outer sense; she kindles up the lights

"That guide her guests in journeys thro' the heaven;

"Th' electric waves of ether bear them on;

"Shaded with fit their arrowy path is given,

"Till they are bosomed in the horizon,

"Whose orb of quickening is the Spirit-Sun.

"The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep;

"And Life's continuous current ever flows,

"Whether to outward bliss the pulses leap,

"Or languid glide in silence and repose.

"And could one mortal tell of all he sees,

"Recalling Night's close-curtained, mysteries,

"The breeze that bears to Heaven man's common thought

"Would bear such mighty gladness, and be fraught

"With such enchantment, that the skies would thrill

"In sympathy divine. One little rill

"From the full ocean of interior bliss

"Flowing through Earth, would change Earth's wilderness

"Into a new Elysium; Heaven would smile

"Familiar as the roses all the while.

The Angels of Sleep, we are told, lead the soul to its home,

—and thus the soul of the Poet was led to her Paradise'

Isle by a Maiden from Pallas. And while journeying with her the Poet sings the mournful song of the "Outer Life."

Proceeding with the Maiden, the Poet says:

## PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

## LECTURES AT DODWORTH'S ACADEMY.

REV. T. L. HARRIS lectured at Dodworth's Academy on Sunday last, morning and evening, to very numerous audiences. We were present and heard the morning discourse, which as a whole was one of the ablest we have ever listened to, either from Bro. Harris or any other man. The speaker selected as his theme the three degrees of human development, viz., the first—the sensuous or external; the intermediate—intellectual or semi-spiritual; the ultimate or the celestial. It was observed that in the first stage of his progress, man sustains intimate and conscious relations only to the material forms and phenomenal aspects of the outer world. The animal appetites exert a controlling power over the intellect; the celestial degree of the mind is closed, and man, as it respects his most interior being, is inactive and unconscious. The essential ideas and forms of religion, as well as the practical life of men, necessarily correspond to the degree of human development, and hence in this stage they are material and barbaric.

In the second general degree, the mind is unfolded into the higher plane of the understanding. The intellect predominates, and reason, in a greater or less degree, suggests the pursuits of men, and determines the action and the issues of life.

Physical Science and Art achieve their conquests and rear their monuments, while Theology and Religion exchange their more material divinities and forms of worship for metaphysical subtilties and a service that is polished and intellectual, but cold and utterly wanting in a divine efficacy and saving power.

In the third degree of his nature, man ascends to the celestial plane of his nature. The mind, which before had been left to the realm of material observation and philosophy, is now awakened to a lively sense of its relations to the invisible and the Divine. Man is no more a cold intellectual being. Unseen hands with burning coals from immortal altars kindle unquenchable fires within, and the dross of his nature is consumed. Life becomes profoundly religious, and religion is quickened and made alive. God descends by the infusion of his Spirit into the human spirit; all life grows beautiful and Godlike; the inner senses of man are opened, and he discovers that the very air he breathes is vital and populous with the immortal and angelic nations.

The speaker observed that these three classes and their essential ideas, methods, and institutions, are represented among almost all religious sects, and that professed Spiritualists present these several phases of development. He insisted with remarkable force and eloquence that unless the human affections are inspired and the mind opened in its celestial degree, man must inevitably become cold, irreligious, and skeptical, and in his researches after knowledge will wander away from heaven and from God.

We have merely expressed the cardinal idea, and the speaker's general method of treating the subject. No report which we could give would do justice to this effort, which was characterized throughout by remarkable vigor of thought and expression. Portions of the discourse were certainly conceived and uttered in a style of eloquence which we have rarely heard equalled by any speaker.

We learn that in the evening the audience at the Academy was unusually large, many persons being unable to find a comfortable place to stand. The subject of the discourse was the Relation of the Modern Manifestations to Spiritual Science and Humanitarian Reform. Mr. Harris will occupy the desk in Dodworth's Academy next Sunday, morning and evening.

## FACTS AND REMARKS.

AN EVIL DOOR EXPOSED BY SPIRITS.—A learned gentleman who ob-jeets to the public use of his name, but for whose veracity we can fully vouch, related at a recent Conference that while he was at a circle in presence of one of the public mediums in this city, a couple of well-dressed individuals came in who were total strangers to himself and to all other persons in the room. The men took seats in the circle, when presently the sounds indicated that there was a Spirit present who wished to communicate with one of them. The alphabet was called, and a communication was spelled to the effect that the man addressed had committed a murder, and had been in prison for the same, and had just been liberated by a pardon from the Governor. In the course of the communication the man's name, or rather that of his father, which was the same thing, was, as was afterward proved, correctly given. After receiving this communication, the men silently left the room. A moment after they had passed out, another man, well known to some of the parties present, entered the room, and who had seen and recognized the two men at the door. "Do you know," said he, "whom you have just had in your circle? One of those men who just passed out was so-and-so, who killed a man in an affray some months ago, and was sent to the state prison for the offense, but was pardoned out by the Governor a few days ago in consideration that the act was committed partly in self-defense." From a knowledge of the parties present, as well as from the circumstances of the case, our intelligent informant is certain that there could have been no collusion in this case, but that the disclosure of the man's name and crime was veritably the work of Spirit-intelligence.

TESTIMONY OF JOHN WESLEY.—At this day many professed believers in the Bible oppose the doctrine of a *prestid* intercourse with Spirits as tending to infidelity. But by way of offset to their views we may here quote what the great and good John Wesley says on the same subject: "It is true, likewise," says he, "that the English in general, and, indeed, most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it; and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge that these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrages of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know (whether Christians, know it or not) that the giving up of *witchcraft*, is, in effect, giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate Spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (Atheism, Deism, Materialism), falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer—even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. . . . Neither reason nor religion requires this." Wesley then goes on to relate a series of spiritual manifestations quite as remarkable as any which are alleged to have occurred at this day. See his works, vol. iv. (Journal), page 270, et seq.

SPIRIT-DIAGNOSTICATION.—A personal friend of the writer was sometime developed as a "healing medium," with such collateral powers as to be able not only to discover and describe the most subtle diseases of the body, but the most secret thoughts of the patient's mind and experiences of his past life. Recently our friend received a call from a gentleman who was a total stranger to him, and who wished to consult with him on some matters not of a medical nature. Our friend, being somewhat occupied at the time, was at first disposed to excuse himself from the proposed interview, but was immediately controlled by the Spirits to sit down by the gentleman and take his hand. He then commenced giving the man a history of his internal experiences and thoughts, which were of a peculiarly gloomy character, even affecting the health both of body and mind. Specific points in the gentleman's experience were mentioned in detail, and our friend informed him that as the result of them all he had formed the settled purpose to commit suicide. At this point the gentleman uttered an exclamation of wonder and surprise, and confessed that what our friend had related was all true to the letter. Our friend gave him some advice, by following which he was, in two weeks, entirely relieved from his mental difficulties, and made a happy man.

## CONFERENCE AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21st.

This session was mainly devoted to the narration of facts, the report of which must be rather general and otherwise imperfect from a due regard to the wishes of the narrators. From this cause the printed reports of our Conferences are often but a feeble index to their real interest to those who attend them.

Mr. BARNARD related the following fact (names suppressed): A collision between two vessels occurred near Piermont, on the Hudson River, on Tuesday night, a week past, by which Capt. T. was drowned.

His family resided at Astoria, L. I.

On the same night his son, at home and in bed, was startled by the noise of a heavy body falling upon the floor.

Supposing his brother had fallen out of bed, he called out, "John, is that you?" A voice replied, "No; it is your father."

Conversation was continued for several minutes between the invisible speaker and himself, but subsequent sleep obliterated its main features from his memory.

In the morning the lad mentioned the occurrence to his mother, interpreting it as an intimation that his brother would not live long.

It was not known to the family until the next day that the father had lost his life.

They are not Spiritualists. The natural theory deduced from these facts would seem to be that the father on his separation from the body went directly home (where his thoughts would naturally be during the death struggle), and through the most impressionable member of his family attempted to manifest himself.

Mr. TOOHEY wished to testify to some drawings purporting to be done by spiritual aid. He had investigated the matter thoroughly, and had come to the conclusion that the claim was fully sustained. The lady in question knew nothing of the art, save what might be derived from a few lessons when a mere child, and now, after a lapse of some forty years, she resumes the pencil. On the occasion to which his testimony refers, there was produced, through her hand, in his presence, *in one hour and twenty minutes*, without any apparent effort of her own, and without her attention in fact being particularly fixed upon it, a drawing which would take a good artist at least *three quarters of a day* to produce. The piece was a group of flowers, in the center of which was written the sixteenth chapter of Romans.

Mr. GRAY related some facts which occurred last night—music from a guitar and touches by invisible hands were among them. A pair of spectacles were taken from the table and adjusted upon the face of a lady present, by a pair of little hands answering in size and feeling to those of a little grandchild recently departed this life—the raps averring to be the fact.

Mr. BRITTON stated some facts of apparent tangible forms made by Spirits. At his mental request, a hand, purporting to be that of a deceased sister, was many times laid on his face, hands, and other parts of his person; also, at his mental request, upon every member of the circle, each, in turn, speaking simultaneously with the silent action of his mind, and affirming that the Spirit touched them. This led to a discussion of the mode of producing manifestations of that kind. Mr. Britton supposes that the Spirit aggregates around its own proper hand, by the action of its will or otherwise, such an envelope, formed of humid or other elements floating in the atmosphere, as becomes perceptible by the external organ of sight. He does not think it necessary to suppose the sensation produced by the hand, for the reason that Spirit is the most substantial of all things, and possesses, in and of itself, all the powers which man is known to possess. The notion that we *must* have a corporeal form to produce these effects on the sensor nerves of our bodies, proceeds upon the old material assumption that the body—the flesh—the shadow is the real man, which all Spirits, and our whole system of philosophy, most emphatically deny.

Mr. BENSING stated a part of his experience. He had both *felt* and *seen* a Spirit-hand. He had been grasped and greeted by it as really and warmly as one friend would greet another. He saw the hand, the fingers, and even the nails upon the fingers; drum-sticks and other objects were moved and thrown about, while many other physical facts occurred substantial in their character to admit the idea of their being a mere physical impression. He did not suppose himself a subject of mesmeric influence.

Mr. BRITTON did not wish to be understood by any one as teaching that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism were mere mesmeric hallucinations or psychological impressions; he had never intimated or entertained any such idea. When tables were seen to move, and other ponderable objects to change their places, he took the evidence of his senses and declared accordingly. But his remarks were intended to apply to the peculiar phase of the manifestations to which his attention had been called by Dr. Gray. Our recognition of those *protomorph* forms which had been spoken of as veritable physical organizations, is rarely through more than one of the senses—that of feeling. He cited from his experience in human magnetism facts to show that the sensational impressions which had been referred to were not necessarily the result of absolute contact with physical forms. Men had been knocked down by the *will*—showing conclusively that under proper conditions the human mind was as powerful for that purpose as a club. All power, and therefore all ability to produce physical effects resides in mind. He argued thence that a Spirit, by as much as it is superior to a mere man, can do these things more perfectly, and in the same way. Such Spirit-forms were really what they seem to be—flesh and blood—they would *always* be seen as well as felt, because such gross substances must of necessity impress themselves upon the organs of natural vision. But this rarely occurs. If physical forms were organized, as had been alleged, they would be visible in every case when the presence of a Spirit is made known through the sense of feeling, at least when no obstacles are in the way of our observation. It will be observed, too, that no arm is appended to the hand. We feel a hand and pass our arm around it, but *find no arm!* It is simply a hand, and nothing else. Moreover, if it were a veritable hand of flesh and blood, however constructed, it must obey the natural law of decomposition after the Spirit has left it, the same as any corpse from which the soul has departed. In his judgment, the form when visible is a mere aggregation of organic or atmospheric particles deposited through the will of the Spirit, or by some other mode, upon the Spirit-hand, or the whole form as the case may be, in a way analogous, perhaps, to the deposition of atmospheric vapors on a cold surface.

Dr. GRAY cited several facts to show that they were of more solid structure than was claimed for them by Mr. B. In a circle to which he belongs, it was once asked if they (the Spirits) really created temporary physical organizations? This was not only affirmed, but they further stated that they made them of the living emanations of human bodies, and that these forms were subject to their will only during the time that the particles retained animal life. When that was extinct, this highly sublimated matter was rapidly decomposed by a natural, and hence irresistible, law. The case related by Stilling was presumptive proof on this point. There the hand was held intact by the active will of the Spirit until combustion took place, and the page upon which it rested bore the marks of the burning fingers for years afterward. The Spirits also stated, in proof of these hands being objective, that "their touches would leave imprints" on substances suitable to retain the impression. Softened wax and common putty were prepared for the purpose of the experiment, and placed upon the table in the circle. It resulted in several distinct impressions as of human fingers in the putty, and upon the wax a name was written with the sharpened end of a common lead pencil. He had been grasped by the arm, as with a mailed hand, and whirled violently across the room, under circumstances inimical to the influence of psycho-dynamics, as he understood the law of that operation. He did not contend for the absolute bone and muscle of these hands, though the substances of both are components of the human atmosphere, and, for ought we know, may be reorganized as such; but that the hand is objective, and really as firm and tangible as that of any person in the form, rests not only upon the evidence of his own senses, but upon an array of facts which can not be overthrown.

Mr. BRITTON responded, admitting all the facts cited by Dr. Gray, which did not, so far as he could discover, tend in the least to subvert his position. The Doctor's facts did not disagree with (the speaker's) philosophy. He observed that the Spirits often moved tables and other ponderable objects in well-lighted rooms; sometimes with *fire to eight hundred pounds' weight on them*, when no Spirit-hands were to be seen by any one present; and he argued that they could exert such a force without dislodging the eye gross material instrumentalities, it was a fair inference that they would find no difficulty in doing all things which Dr. Gray had described; and that, too, without real, corporeal hands. The speaker ventured to presume that a force equal to several hundred pounds would suffice to mold soft wax into almost any shape, and it was not, therefore, necessary, in order to account for Dr. Gray's facts, to suppose the existence of "more solid structure."

R. T. HALLOCK.

## A NIGHT WITH THE SPIRITS.

The following communication from the Spirit of Ben Jonson is according to the request of that Spirit, placed at the head of the accompanying report of very extraordinary manifestations, witnessed by me, at a spiritual circle in this city, and at which there presided two celebrated mediums, on the evening of Sunday, November 12th, 1854. C. P.

## GENTLE READER:

Whereas, divers well-beloved individuals composing our most favored circle, have implored us to grant ye petition of one *Charles Partridge*, part proprietor as we were of a certain paper yclept "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH"—a weekly periodical, devoted for ye most part—according to ye statement and profession of its editors—to ye promulgation of spiritual affairs. Now, we, out of respect for ye aforesaid individuals do, of our own free will and accord, grant unto them ye boon whereof they have petitioned us, awarding thereto our most sincere hope, that ye report of certain manifestations regarded as having been witnessed by said *Partridge*, may have due weight and influence in such sort, as to convince, not only ye numerous readers of ye aforesaid paper yclept "YE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH" of ye marvelous truth contained in such report, but, also divers skeptics, who, having been foully imposed upon by tricking knaves, and most vile impostaers, seek to hold this, or most divine cause, up to unworthy ridicule and contempt.

In granting ye petition of ye said *Partridge*—which is to ye effect—that we do vouchsafe to award unto him ye privilege to publish in his paper ye report of certain proceedings, witnessed by him at one of our circles, we are influenced, by a most sincere, nay, holy desire to lend our poor aid for ye cause of ye promulgation of *Spiritualism*, which hath for its great aim and end ye conversion of ye miserable sinners on this pendant globe from a state of ye most abject infidelity, to that more blissful degree, wherein they are enabled to rejoice in ye knowledge of ye Immortality of ye soul, and ye Resurrection of ye life.

To those who are duly impressed with a belief that there is a great and Almighty God who ruleth ye universe, and who are, furthermore, anxious to walk in ye delightful paths of Virtue and Morality, our doctrine can avail naught, seeing that such mortals endeavor, to ye best of their abilities, to wisely observe ye injunctions of ye holy Scriptures.

As we teach naught but *Virtue*, and promulgate ye whole-some doctrine of immortal *Truth*, so must our poor endeavors be appreciated by those, who have minds to discern, and a right hearty willingness to profit thereby. Then, treat not, we beseech thee, these, our humble efforts to instruct, with that unbecoming derision which rather appertained unto ye barbarous ignorance of ye wretched *Pagan*, than ye advancement in moral civilization, such as might beseem ye worthy and pious followers of ye GREAT AND ALMIGHTY GOD! How shall it profit us to lead you into ye seductive garden of *sin*, seeing that we (who during our mortal career had led a most unruly life with divers unworthy dissipated companions of some doctrine of immortal *Truth*, so must our poor endeavors be appreciated by those, who have minds to discern, and a right hearty willingness to profit thereby. 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## Interesting Miscellany.

## JESUS AND THE POOR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

The door of the Church turned on its polished hinges, and the sound ran through the Church with a subdued echo. Every face was turned to discover the cause of the sound, and every eye beheld a stranger walking slowly along the richly carpeted aisle.

Tall and majestic in stature, the stranger seemed bending with the touch of premature age, deep wrinkles seemed his countenance, and his hair, all tangled and matted, fell waving to his shoulders, mingling with the curling locks of his dark-brown beard. He was clad in coarse apparel, and the dust of the highway whitened the folds of his dirty brown cloak. Shoes, all worn and torn by weary travel, but half-defended his feet, and his extended hand, so fair, so delicate, so woman-like in its outline, grasped a pike-staff, which guided his steps along the aisle.

Poor was the stranger, soiled by the dust of travel, clad in coarse attire, his hair and beard all tangled and matted, his face seemed by premature wrinkles, yet there was a strange expression in his eye, and a calm sublimity of resolution on his broad forehead.

Poor, weary, and neglected, he approached Brother Zebulon. The well-fed and complacent Christian beheld the stranger stride slowly along the aisle.

Was there a pew-door open at his coming? Did fair forms arise, did kind hands woo the stranger to the cushioned seat? Did smiling faces greet him with looks of sympathy and compassion?

I cast his deep, unfathomable eye from side to side; he looked upon the soft face of yonder beauty with a glance of silent entreaty, but the fair one turned away, and the travel-worn stranger strode steadily toward the Altar.

Slim-waisted Exquisite, long-faced Bank Director, the Saint with his smiling visage, and the Sinner with his self-satisfied look, all turned away, and still the stranger toiled wearily on. He neared the Altar, he reached the pew-door of Brother Zebulon.

Zebulon turned and gazed upon the stranger, and then turned hastily away. He was so poor, his cloak was so ragged, his entire appearance so destitute, that Zebulon would not think of asking him to the repose of a cushioned seat, and yet there was something in the eye of that strange man that sent a thrill of unknown feeling to the heart of Zebulon, the man of God.

The stranger spoke not, asked not, did not even beckon for the repose of a seat. But his toil-worn face, his dust-covered garments, his look of fatigue and suffering, all spoke for him, in silent voices, more impressive than the thunder shout of the million.

The stranger strode wearily toward the Altar.

A round-paunched Bank Director, who had driven a thousand orphans to suicide, and murdered his ten thousands by the paltry subterfuges of reckless speculation, beheld the stranger approach, and refused him a seat in his lordly pew.

"Poor devil! How weary he looks!" lisped a fair-faced Exquisite, whose victim lay in Ronaldson's graveyard, or in the dissecting room—"sorry for him, but I can't give him a seat!"

"Let him go to the poor-bench!" muttered a puffy-faced Editor, whose History was written in the secret records of a Court of Felons. "I wonder how such creatures have the assurance to stride into such a Church without leave or license!"

Still the stranger moved slowly on toward the Altar.

"How affecting the Preacher grows!" whispered a calm-visaged man of God. "Indeed, the love of our Saviour must have been very sad—I can hardly keep my eyes clear—indeed!"

Still the stranger strode wearily on. He reached the Altar, he passed the gate, he flung his toil-worn form upon the pulpit steps.

Another break of the door, and again every face was turned and every eye beheld the new comer.

"Ah, me, what a handsome man!" whispered a fair damsels; "such fine boots, such superb style, such a coat, such whiskers, and such hair! And what a grace, too—what an air—God bless me, pa—do open the pew-door!"

And as the handsome MAN OF THE WORLD came striding along the aisle, with an even and measured gait, every pew-door flew open, old men arose, fair hands beckoned the Dandy to a seat, and mild voices greeted him with the courtesy and complaisance of the Fashionable Church.

He passed along with the easy assurance of a man of the World; he neglected all the offers of politeness, and at last stood before the pew-door of Brother Zebulon Branwell.

"Oh—my dear sir—excuse me—pray—ah, indeed—do me the honor to take a seat!"

"Do me the honor!" cried the Editor rising hastily in his pew, with a last letter from his victim protruding from his pocket. "Oh, sir, please be seated!"

"A seat, sir!" cried the calm-faced man of God. "Please be seated!"

"Oh—ah—you do me honor—p-er-son-ally"—lisped the Dandy, twirling his eye-glass and arranging his moustache—"I rather think I'll sit down with the worthy old fellow here!"

Rather shocked at the gentleman's familiar style of address, our friend Zebulon beheld him seated at his side, and was gazing over the flashing array that garnished his well-formed person, when a new burst of eloquence from the Preacher arrested his attention—

"Oh, sight most lovely! oh, spectacle most sublime!" cried the florid-faced Minister, raising his hands on high—"the friend of the poor, the comforter of the distressed, the hope of the desolate, the life of the dead, by what name shall we style him, by what name shall we know this mighty being, the Saviour of men? Look upon him as he rises before your mental eye, look upon his standing—calm and erect amid the fifth and squalor of some poor man's hut; look upon him in his tattered robes, his spoiled apparel, yet with the might of Godhead on his brow; look upon him and view his outstretched hand scattering blessings on the poor, and then think of his name—Jesus the friend of the People."

## JESUS THE FRIEND OF THE POOR!

Stirred by the enthusiasm of the Preacher, Zebulon turned partly aside to note its effect upon his companion, when lo! a strange spectre meets his vision. The smiling man of the World is gazing upon the Preacher, his arms are folded, and his entire appearance denoting the finished Gentleman. Yet Zebulon shuddered as he beheld him. For notwithstanding the imperious smile on his face, there was a strange light in his eye—a sort of wild scorn, flitting over his strongly marked forehead.

Zebulon gazed sidelong; he dared not face the eye of that finished man of the world, for a pale, bluish light—could it have been the reflection of the stained window? began to play around his forehead, and encircle his dark hair, as with the fangs of fierce snakes.

Zebulon felt his corpulent form grow icy. Look! The stranger's eye is fixed upon the Preacher; it seems to emit livid jets of unearthly flame; his lip wrinkles with an infernal scowl. Slowly, like a mist, his gay apparel melts away: the transparent flame whirls round and encircles him—Zebulon started to his feet.

"Satan!"

How the flaming eyes glared into his face! Zebulon rose, shriked to the congregation, but they heard him not, and still that horrible presence was there—in his cushioned pew—enveloped in that misty flame—his eyes centered upon the pulpit. Zebulon felt his red visage grow pale.

"Such being the view of my blessed mission on earth!" rung out the loud voice of the Preacher—"who is there in all this crowded, this Christian Church, that would fail to greet this blessed o'er with praises and hosannas, should he appear on earth! Nay, is there one in all this throng that would fail to welcome the Saviour should he appear walking along yonder aisle, poor, weary, and forsaken, dust on his garments, ear on his brow, is there one but would fall prostrate before him, kiss his feet, and bathing his pathway with tears?"

A hushed murmur ran through the church, and every heart was impressed with the words of the Preacher.

The poor wayfarer, thrown prostrate along the steps of the lordly pulpit, seemed to share in the general impulse of feeling, for his head drooped low, and he veiled his face in his hands.

In an instant Brother Zebulon beheld the stranger sleek, he beheld him gliding up the pulpit steps, he saw him confront the sleek Preacher, whose oily face turned pale with sudden fear, he beheld him take the Bible from his grasp, and then a wild murmur spread like lightning through the church.

The face of the stranger was changing to a face of beaming light, a calm smile stole over his lip, the wrinkles vanished from his cheek and brow, and the might of Godhead looked forth from the desecrated pulpit. Down fell the tattered robe, down fell the torn apparel! The stranger was clad in garments of light!

How that immense congregation rocked to and fro, while the murmur deepened, and eyes dilating with fear were turned toward the Pulpit! A Panic, such as smote the ten thousand faces of Old Sodom on its Last Day, throbbed like a pulse of Death in every heart.

Still the stranger, veiled in garments of transparent light, stood there—so ineffably calm and beautiful! A Glory playing about his forehead, a God-like love lighting up his large, full eyes!

"Come!" He said in a whisper, and yet it reached every heart as he waved his hands in blessings over their heads.

"Come!"

But they came not, these silken People of the Bank and Counter, these darlings of Aristocratic wealth, these images of God so shamefully hidden away in fine apparel, drowned in broadcloth, satins, and gold! That Divine Face smote their hearts with fear. A cry of horror, one tremulous yell of anguish, rose to the ceiling.

And all the while, in the center of the church, even in Brother Zebulon's pew, stood the Man of the World, that pale, bluish light playing about his forehead, upon whose broad surface the veins now stood out like blackened cords, while a lurid fire shot an infernal magnetism from his eyes! He towered aloft, erect—almost sublime in his scorn—surveyed the faces of the Fashionable Church, now filled with fear, and a voice came from his lips:

"A cheerful good-day to ye, my friends—my Christian friends! I have come from Rome—from Westminster—from Geneva! Believe me—by the Gibbet which so many of our Reverend friends have taken for their Gospel—I never found myself so much at home in my life as here! Welcome, good, Christian People, followers, as ye are, of Jesus; faithful Nazarenes of the Nineteenth Century! Your Lord, whom ye profess to love, whom ye do love so well, came faint and travel-worn along yonder aisle. You knew him not. There was no Pew for him, not even a seat in all this elegant Church! I came; you knew me not, ha!"

He towered aloft, this Fallen Angel, looking like the Embodied Shape of the Geneva creed, and—they saw it with a shudder—right above them, like a horrible mockery of some night-mare dream, a Phantom Gallows began to blacken into shape.

Still serene, above the Pulpit, stood that Transfigured Form—the Face shrouded in a halo of light—a Love fathomless as Eternity wrenching its lips and shining from its eyes.

"Come!" said the voice, beaming like a Father to his wayward children, or like a Brother to his brethren and sisters, whose souls were clouded in the mists of merciless Wealth.

"Come!"

Not a footstep stirred; not a form advanced! Nay, the Preacher, with the white eravat and round, unctuous face, was seen retreating down the Pulpit steps, his appalled eyes centered in that Face which he had not recognized when it came companioned by a dusty and poverty-stricken form, which now he knew, but knew in trembling fear!

"Come!"

They came—yes, gliding up the aisle and up the Pulpit steps; yes, the ragged and the hungry Poor, who had been hidden away in the dark corners, or left neglected without the door. They came, here a Widow with wan features and faded apparel; there, an Orphan, imbruted by neglect into a hideous image of precocious crime; and treading at the Orphan's heels, a half-naked Leper, whose fluttering rags could not hide the miserable form, thinned by disease and blotched with his Leprosy!

They came, the Poor, in manifold shames of Want, and the Face smiled on them and whispered, "Come!"

At last, crouching as he came, a Black Man skulked along the aisle, his rude features glowing as the DIVINE Face smiled on him! Then covered with a convict's garb—a robe dangling from his neck—the neglected Felon came, halting every moment as if afraid, and trembling, nearer every moment to the Pulpit where the Face shone like a Sun.

The congregation murmured with surprise—disgust. That strange group in the Pulpit! That Face encircled by the haggard forms of Want; rags and leprosy, poverty and despair spreading around it as it shone above the marble pulpit! The contrast was wonderful!

And yet, even as the Rich Congregation looked and hissed their breath, a change as wonderful came over the scene. The Face shone down upon the poverty and rags, and shone it all away! Shone the suffering from the Widow's face, the crime from the Orphan's eyes; shone into nothingness the rags and woe, and baptized every forehead with its unbounded rays! The rude Black Man's face grew fair and beautiful; even the Felon, consigned by Godly men to the Gibbet, felt the rope drop from his neck and his convict rags fade away. For there was the Face in the Pulpit.

And all the while, far back in yonder corner, beheld the Preacher, at the Love of that Face, and trying to defend his eyes from its light by surrounding himself with a barricade of sound Theological Works. He builds the walls with frantic haste. How the musty old volumes come from their hiding-places, and help to raise that barrier between the Preacher and the light of the Divine Face. Rare books these: every form of creed, from Calvin's Institutes down to Dr. Ober's last letter in favor of the Gallows; rare books, and in the Preacher's last letter in favor of the Gallows; rare books, and in the Preacher's hands they raise a formidable wall, an iron barrier, against the light of those Divine Eyes.

Look, my friends, the Man of the World, even that blasted form, vailed in bluish flame, beholds the Preacher's nervous haste, and comes gliding over the People's heads to aid him in his frantic work. They build the wall together—the Face frightens them—high and higher, piling Theology and Metaphysics on each other, and filling the small apertures with Tracts in favor of the Gallows.

The work is done. The Preacher, built up among creeds, had shun himself out from the light of the Face. But look—did you see that ray gleaming from the Divine Eye, gleaming even through the barrier, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained, without reference to that Providence or overruling which numbers the hairs of our head, watches the sparrow's fall, and shapes our ends, rough them as we will?"

"Lord, Lord!" he shrieks with a frantic joy, as he tramples the musty volumes under foot, and feels the tears rain from his eyes; "Lord, at last I know thee, and do not fear!"

Then, rising above the Pulpit, his form floating on waves of golden light, appears THE STRANGER, his brow bathed in light, his eyes of deep, unfathomable beauty, shining Love in every heart, while the voice from the Preacher's pulpit, still with the master was dozing by the fire. The correspondent says:

"I was attracted by a very curious sound from the dog, and a strange, fixed look from his eyes, which seemed set, as though glazed in death, and neither changed nor quivered in the slightest degree, though the blaze of a cheerful wood-fire shone brightly upon them. To my infinite astonishment, after stretching his limbs several times, and uttering unaccustomed whines, he gradually arose to his feet and assumed the attitude of pointing, in every particular just as I have seen him do a hundred times in the field; when the aroma from an entire covey was warm on the mild breeze—his lips were set, and quivered with eager but suppressed excitement, which a good pointer ever manifests when near his game, and the chiseled marble could not remain more stanch than his point exhibited. When my surprise had a little abated, I spoke to the dog, but he manifested no consciousness, nor took the slightest notice of my voice, though several times repeated, and it was only when I touched him that the spell was broken, when, running several times around the room, he quietly resumed his place before the fire.

Brother Zebulon passed his hands over his eyes; he looked around! There was the gorgeous church, glittering with fashion and beauty; there the crowded pews, packed with the forms of wealth; and in the Pulpit, calm and erect, no fear on his brow, stood the Preacher, the sun-ray upon his brow, all godliness centered in his round, unctuous visage.

"Brother Branwell," whispered a Bank Director, who occupied the next pew, "you missed the best part of the sermon; you've been sleeping—a sad fault in church, Brother Branwell!"

The apathetic wonder impressed on Brother Branwell's face was too ridiculous to be witnessed without laughter.

"What! what!" he gasped. "Isn't there been no poor, Pilgrims here? Didn't our Preacher build a wall of books in yonder corner? Wasn't the dev—, that is, a singular Satanic personage—here in my pew? Hey! You don't mean all to say, Brother!"

The Bank Director laughed all over his face.

"You've been dreaming?" Bad in the afternoon after a heavy dinner. And you missed the best part of the sermon; such a cut as our Preacher gave those anti-Gallows men. You should a' heard him speak o' Stephen Girard, and—but I see they are going to sing the last hymn—the Infidels!"

"Let us unite in praise!" exclaimed the Preacher, standing erect in the light of the setting sun. "Let us sing to the praise of God in the following beautiful and appropriate hymn:

"Amen! Jesus! can it be?"

They sang the hymn, and, mellow and heavenly, that burst from a full choir filled the Fashionable Temple. But Brother Branwell could not sing; his red, round face was very pale; wherever he turned, he saw—not the complacent congregation, singing the hymn, but the forms of his dream, the Face, and it rang forever in his ears that divine chant.

"The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the Poor!"

The hymn died away. The reverie into which Brother Branwell had fallen was suddenly broken by the voice of the Preacher.

"It is our purpose to hold series of Religious Meetings in this church during the ensuing week, with lectures from our pious Brethren of the Orthodox clergy. To-morrow night I will lecture on the Divine authority for Punishment by Death, with an examination of the sublime structure of that part of the Mosaic Dispensation which says, 'An Eye for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth.' Tuesday night, the Rev. Dr. Bomb will lecture; subject, 'The Reforms of the present day only a cloak for Infidelity.' Wednesday, Rev. Dr. M'Twist will entertain you with one of his sound discourses; subject, 'The Pope, and how to put him down.' Thursday, our esteemed and Rev. Dr. Blowhard will deliver an Essay on 'The Cause of Missions; with suggestions in favor of the appropriation of \$100,000 for the Conversion of the present Anti-Christ, the Pope of Rome.' Friday, our venerable Brother, Dr. Greek Partick, from the Theological Institute at —, will lecture; subject, 'The Orthodox Idea of Hell, Maintained with copious references from the original Greek and Hebrew.' I, myself, my brethren, will close the series with a lecture on Saturday night; subject, 'GIRARD AND HIS INFIDEL COLLEGE.'

Brother Branwell heard it all; and even as the Preacher spoke, saw, or fancied he saw, written above the Pulpit in characters of light, those words of deathless music:

"The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the Poor."

Turn where he might, even as the Church poured its Fashion and Beauty along the aisles, and its Wealth flared out into the street; he saw those burning Words; and a Voice whispered that all this Wealth was Crime; this Fashion and Beauty a mockery in the sight of God, combed as it was in a theology that remembered every thing, held every thing sacred, save—

## JESUS AND THE POOR!

## A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

## PREMONITORY WARNING.

The following story is said, by the Portsmouth Chronicle, to be derived, as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity can not be doubted:

"About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow named Mozer. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

"And thus the old lady lived alone in her house by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide lay and slept sweetly.